

1. Warboss Urtylug looked out of the viewscreen of his spire perch in the fort that lie atop the titan Boris, pleased with himself. It was going to be a good day, he could feel it. Already, his Scraplootas were making quick work of the Tau colony below him. With all of their anti air gun emplacements taken out ahead of time by Rockeata and his kommandos, there was little the Tau could do to stand against an Emperor-class Titan, warped by the taint of Chaos and then modified further by orks, dropping right in the middle of them. After all, what kind of madman would dare airdrop a titan? Urtylug smiled smugly as he took another long draught of coffee. Just like when he got that drop on that Commissar, or those dark eldar, he began to feel warm and orky on the inside, especially thinking about those eldar. That was the very first time he deployed Boris and it had been a memorable one. Wanting revenge and to prove himself as warboss, the Scraploota's target had been the very same Wych Cult that had killed Urtylug's old warboss, Waarakton, before Urtylug had the chance to do it himself. The only sour note in that entire memory was the fact that he had to use that strange Farseer Vaedrisa's help with masking their presence, but it had all been worth it when he heard the screams of shock and horror from the very same eldar who had once forced him to ran away like a coward as Urtylug's titan tore through their ranks.
- 2.
3. And now today, months later he had done the same to the Tau, thankfully without a single bit of help from the Farseer this time. He was finally going to finish his Boss gear with a proper cloak for his back. They had picked the biggest city on the entire planet, so there was no way the Tau's Ethereal could be anywhere else. Urtylug was going to kill him and take his robes, the perfect complement to his Commisar's cap and spiky shoulder duds made of pieces of Dark Eldar armor. He swiveled his tower around and inspected the carnage. Stikkmeat and his stormboyz were sowing havoc and destruction across all levels of the city, the kommandos were still doing their part and sabotaging any attempts the Tau made at regrouping and arranging a suitable counterattack, there were a steady stream of Tinka's mekboys traveling in and out of Boris' feet delivering scrap metal to repair and modify the titan even as they fought, and the swashkrumpa nob's Urtylug had trained himself were swinging about the outside of the titan and engaging any tau warrior who tried to board the great behemoth. Perhaps most significant was the branch of Urtylug's army that required the least bit of his attention and that he seemed to forget existed from time to time: his disproportionate number of grots. Making up the backbone of his military, grots of all type were swarming about every which way, adding to the havoc and cutting down any tau who tried to stand against them with sheer numbers like an angry green wave of guns, blades, and teeth. The only issue that needed Urtylug's attention was a sizeable force of tau fire warriors trying to escort a Hammerhead tank to the backside of Boris, trying to find a weakpoint in the gargantuan warmachine. They had pulled together a tight formation, quickly and efficiently cutting down any grot that crossed their path and providing enough covering fire to keep stormboys and kommandos alike at bay. With a press of a button, Urtylug had informed and deployed Rakkatrakk and his warbikers that made up Boris' Rear Guard onto the scene. With many of them crashing their bikes or every outright exploding as soon as they made contact with the ground, Rakkatrakk's boys sped forward and cut their way through the ranks of Firewarriors, taking advantage of the complete confusion caused by backend end of a titan opening up and spitting out warbikers. Soon enough, the entire escort was overrun by warbikers, stormboys, and grots to put up a fight and fell to the horde, what was left of their precious Hammerhead already in the process of being looted by the multitudinous grots. Yes, it was most certainly a good day to be a Scraploota.
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- 6.
7. Big Mek Tinka Zizzbitz was currently takin advantage of the carnage surrounding him to look for the nicest scraps to work with. He rooted through the wreckage of gravtanks and battlesuits looking for the pieces that buzzed or sparked with electricity. Much like his warboss, Tinka was also in a great mood. Now that he had access to all the fancy Tau bits, there was no way his Zizzbitz's Patented Zizzomatic Chainkutlass would remain uncompleted. He had already begun the process of melting down and reforging that orange tau metal he had found, figuring that if he used Tau bits on tau metal there would be less of a problem getting the thing to work. The only obstacle he had run into thus far had been that his cybernetic eye had been damaged by a grenade detonating a little too close to him, making the search for the best electric bits much more difficult. Fortunately for Tinka, there were always plenty of grots around for him to bully into servitude for him. Unfortunately for Tinka, most of these grots tried to take advantage of the mayhem to run away and avoid him under the pretense of fighting and his peg leg made it hard for him to keep up. All the same, the box of

sparkling scraps of advanced tau technology he had assembled filled him with promise. The Zizzomatic Chainkutlass would be assembled today, he just knew it. Now if only he could find where his latest batch of gretchin assistants had run off to...

- 8.
9. -----
- 10.
11. Nearby, a lone tau Earth Caste child shivered in the ruins of her old orphanage, frightened by the battle surrounding her. The rest of the children had already been evacuated as quickly as possible upon the arrival of the orks and their monstrous contraption of death, for the future generation must be preserved for the Greater Good. This particular orphan, however, had born the brunt of hatred from the entire orphanage. Rumored to be the offspring of two separate castes, she was seen as the product of selfishness and an anathema towards the Greater Good and as such, was treated with nothing but scorn. There may have been some truth to the rumors of her mixed heritage, given the number of fights she refused to back down from. Fights that her fighting back in only caused her more harm rather than less and spurred on her aggressors. Fights the elders rarely broke up unless the vicious gang of Fire Caste children looked like they were going to do any permanent damage to the outcasted tau girl. Usually, at least. Not even the other Earth Caste children, few as they were, would have anything to do with the disgusting hybrid, lest they too have to suffer the wrath of the Fire Caste, larger in both physique and numbers. It was because of this that it came as no surprise to her that someone had barricaded the door to her room when the alarms sounded. By the time she had managed to break her way out of her room, they were already long gone and much of the orphanage had collapsed around her, trapping her within. The frightened would-be engineer wondered if the elders had even bothered to check for her before they escaped as she huddled in a corner and tried to remain as small as possible.
- 12.
13. Through a few holes and cracks in the walls and ceiling she could see what was going on around her. Orks as far as she could see were tearing her home apart and slaughtering her colony. They even had some sort of massive battlesuit out there, crushing entire homes underfoot. She didn't look for very long, though, lest the orks discover her hiding spot. Instead, she had busied herself with fixing up a damaged gun drone that had fallen through a hole in the roof using her trusty spanner, a memento left behind by the mother she never knew. It wobbled silently and shakily in the air next to her, patiently ready to defend her. The sound of an explosion and voices awoke the little tau girl from her reverie with a start.
- 14.
15. "We could have used that stikk bomb, Zaggit" one of the voices sneered
- 16.
17. "What for's? We's hiding, remember?" another snipped back
- 18.
19. "Both of you's shut da zog up you gits! Do you want tha Big Mek ta find us?!" yet a third voice grumbled
- 20.
21. The Earth Caste girl chanced a peek around the corner. And saw roughly two dozen of the smaller breed or ork, 'gretchins' she believed they were called, arguing amongst themselves and rummaging through the main room, looking for something of value to take or somewhere to hide and arguing amongst themselves.
- 22.
23. "All's I'm sayings is that a bomb is always useful. It didn'ts need to be wasted like dat."
- 24.
25. "It WAS useful, you git! We used it just fine!"
- 26.
27. "We's could 'ave climbed through the holes and hid just as fine. Better even"
- 28.
29. "And then da Big Mek woulda caught us and we'z would be working right now! Is dat what you want?"
- 30.
31. "He's will be noticing the hole we left. Didja thing about DAT one, Gazzd?"
- 32.
33. "We'z in the middle o' a warzone, Zaggit, does you really think da Big Mek is goings to notice one measly..." the gretchin trailed off, looking in the direction the tau girl was spying from. She whirled

her head back behind the wall with a gasp. "Get's your weapons, boys, we's has componee wiff us..."

The enterprising young tau ordered her first and last line of defense into action. The half-functioning gun drone zipped out from behind the wall she was hiding behind, shooting with as much abandon as its ork targets. The tau girl could only watch in horror as her automated defender made its last stand, valiantly shrugging off incoming bullets until finally one of the green skinned beasts leapt atop it and stabbed it until it stopped moving. There were only five of them now, all about the same size as her or larger, all advancing on her slowly as she backed away. Her hands clenched as she stopped backing away, making the gretchins also stop for a brief moment in confusion. A fire had begun to build up inside of her, the same fire that built up whenever a Fire Caste kicked her down or ganged up on her. None of the surviving gretchins seemed to have guns, only knives or their bare hands. Outnumbered and outmatched, this was a situation she was used too, a scenario she had undergone on all too regular of a basis. Something primitive in the back of her mind was pushing its way to the fore. Some animal instinct that demanded her survival, that set her mind ablaze in fury. The grots bounded forward at her as she gripped her spanner tightly...

The tiny tau girl worked frantically, bloodied spanner twisting and turning with the gutted casing of the gun drone. Gretchin bodies surrounded her, some riddled with bullets, others bludgeoned into various states of unrecognizable paste as desperate tears streamed silently down her face. Besides a few cuts and bruises and one particularly nasty gash along her arm that she had bandaged to the best of her ability, the improvised mechanic was intact and alive. The same could not be said for her mechanical savior, though. It had taken far too much damage, unlike the last time she fixed it where all it needed was a few refastenings and some spliced wires. Ignoring the stab wounds to its casing, the insides were a mess. The batteries were fried, the wires to the firing mechanisms were frayed to uselessness and the central neural hub needed to be replaced entirely. In her trance, she barely even noticed the giant one legged ork holding a box under one of his arms that was approaching her until he called out.

"So DAT'S where you gits has been 'idin." He boomed in a voice that seemed halfway between anger and mirth "I oughta krump da lotta you'z fer sleepin' on da job like dis. Now wake up ya lazy gits!"

Perplexed and angered by the lack of response he picked up the nearest gretchin corpse and started shaking it.

"I SAID WAKE UP YA LAZY GITS! I'Z GONNA RIP YER SKULL OUT AN BEAT YA TA DEFF WITH IT IF YA DON'T...now wait one zoggin minnit..." he brought the corpse closer to his bionic eye "All dese gits are dead. What gives?" The large ork began to scan the room, looking for an answer to this mystery

The Earth Caste remained absolutely still, hoping that in the darkness of the ruins he wouldn't be able to see her due to his apparently bad eyesight and felt her stomach drop as the massive beast proved her wrong, hobbling up to her.

"You dere. Why didn't ya answer when I called ya lousy grot?!" he demanded of her, but she was too frozen with fear to answer.

"I said ta answer me, grot! Did ya kill all dese other gits?" She nodded weakly

"By yerself?" She nodded again.

"Good! Serves em right fer runnin off like dat! Zoggin good work of ya ta do it all be yerself...oiy, wuts dat ya got dere?" he grabbed the drone up from her lap and brought it close to his face, obscuring. "Oiy, right sparky, dis one is. Dese bits'll work great. Dey's in good condition, too. I'z be havin' one lucky day alright."

In one last desperate bid for survival, the tau girl rushed forward and began to attack one of the ork's legs. Lost in thought, the great green brute barely registered her tiny little fists beating

frantically against his leg until he looked down and saw her there, tears streaming and fists pounding away madly.

“Oiy you git!” he said, annoyed, as he gave her a swift kick that sent her sprawling to the floor, “I outta krump you good fer dat one, but it looks like it’s your lucky day too, ya lazy grot. I’z be needin an assistant.”

He gave the shivering tau child another scrutinizing once over before putting down the box he was holding and replacing it with her. Much like the gretchin corpse and the drone before her, he brought her up close to his face for inspection.

“You’z blue.” he stated incredulously “A blue grot. Mighty weird lookin one at dat. It really is my lucky day!” he laughed, before shoving the box in her hands and barking at her “Now take dis box an’ get walkin back ta camp! I’z wanna finish my projekt afore da Boss tells us ta ship out!”

The crude box he shoved into her arms full of components from various tau devices brutishly ripped from their previous homes as he carried the half gutted drone she had been trying to fix with him. It was also incredibly heavy for the little girl, but she couldn’t slow down for if she did, he’d give her another light kick in the backside and tell to get moving. She walked stone faced as he paraded her through the ravaged streets that had once been her home. Having run out of tears to cry and having sunk so deep into despair that despair could no longer reach her, she had begun formulating a plan. If only she could get her hands back on that drone, she could fix it back up and sic it on them. It wouldn’t last long, but it could distract them for as long as she needed to escape, no doubt the wilds were a safer habitat than an ork infested city. From there, she could head to the nearest city and warn them of the monstrosities she now faced. Maybe there, she could start her life free of the prejudice that had followed her throughout this city and just be a regular Earth Caste. She just had to bide her time...

Tinka’s day just kept getting better and better. Now, not only did he have all the raw materials needed to finish his work, but he found a grot that actually listened and didn’t run off. Sure, it was a little scrawny and kept slowing down, nor did it seem to even know which way camp was, but it was blue, which meant it was dead lucky, so that had to count for something. Soon enough he had made his way back to camp, grot in tow. His workshop was on the edge of camp, so he didn’t have to muck about with other orks before he could get to work in his private backroom, free from the pestering of his mekboys in the larger garage area. It was time to finish the Zizzomatic Chainkutlass, his ultimate goal in life. Usually, fixing up warbikes, and assembling more rokkit paks always stood in the way of his side project, but now he could shuffle off enough of the work to his mekboys and this grot he found to finally finish the chainkutlass that coursed with electricity he dreamed of. Sure, most of his boys were busy working on fixing up Boris at the moment and it was only one grot, but he’d worked bigger miracles before. He took the box back from the grot and sat down at his desk, crude schematics of curved chainswords from different angles surrounding him, as well as various chainsword components tinted orange. Setting the box of tau bits down in front him, he decided it was time to set that grot to work.

“First off, work on this” he said, plucking out his bionic eye and tossing it to her “been giving me a zoggin ‘eadache all day.”

Tinka had just barely begun to try and read his notes with his one good eye when he heard a tiny voice whisper “I-I’m done, s-sir”

“Wuzzat?”

“I-I said I’m done.” the voice stammered a little louder. Tinka looked over at his grot to see it holding his eye in both of its hands, offering it to him.

80. "Gork AND Mork, you're fast." He muttered, snatching the eye from his new assistant and reattaching it to his skull. He blinked a few times, readjusting to his new vision "Zoggin good, too"

81.

82. It was the clearest his mek eye had ever been. He could see things with a definition he didn't think possible, way different than that blurry mess he was putting up with not but a few moments ago. He began putting the grot to work on other tasks he didn't want to do, tasks it finished in record speeds. He looked at his grot again with his new eye, noticing how strange it looked. Aside from being blue, there was no nose to speak of and its knees bent at a funny angle, ending in hooves. It was almost like this wasn't a grot at all and instead one of those...No matter, it worked hard and gave him a nice new eye, something that had been bothering him for a while now and he expected to take hours to fix. Whatever this grot was, it was certainly lucky and worked hard, which is all he really needed out of a grot anyways. He rooted around his assorted bits and scraps to use on the chainkutlass, looking for that one piece that he needed, that one that he could've sworn was there just a second ago. Unsatisfied with his current selection, he decided to dig through the other piles of scrap around camp.

83.

84. -----

85.

86. Much like his Big Mek and trusty first mate, Warboss Urtylug's day had only gotten better and better. Though the tau's ethereal had evaded his wrath, he had found its living quarters, stocked full of various robes for him to try on. It was deep gray in color with yellow trim and yellow runic symbols, matching both his tribal colors and his gray commissar cap. Spiggot had even been smart enough to know when to switch over from tea to coffee today, so he didn't have to smack him about. Right now, he was wandering the small camp that had been thrown together, mostly for repairs to vehicles and weaponry, as the final preparations for loading Boris back into the Loot-hava were being made. He ran across Tinka, limping happily with a box full of sparking scrap metal, as was customary for Big Mek Zizzbitz. He decided to hail his old warbuddy over, not much else better to day.

87.

88. "Oiy Tinka, you look awful giddy. Didja finally get dat kutlass of yers ta work? "

89.

90. "Oh hey, Boss!" Tinka called back, not stopping his trek "Not yet, but I'z about to. Got me da luckiest grot in all da worlds! Ded fast worker, too! Fixed me eye right up!"

91.

92. "Lucky grot, huh? Wut makes 'im so lucky?"

93.

94. "Dat's da thing! 'E's blue all over!" Tinka exclaimed proudly.

95.

96. "A blue grot?"

97.

98. "I know, I thought da same thing, but it'z small like a grot an it works like a grot, so I figger it must be grot. Eitha way, it don't run off an works ded 'ard so I can finish my Zizzbitz's Patented Zizzomatic Chainkutlass."

99.

100. "A blue grot dat works hard? Now this I'z gotta see!"

101.

102. Their plans were interrupted, however, by a large gathering of orks outside of Tinka's private quarters and an even larger gathering outside the workshop to see what the ruckus was about. Tinka's mekboys were guarding the door to his chambers, knowing they'd be punished severely if they let anyone intrude on their boss's inner sanctum. Meanwhile, an ork wearing a tattered robe of an Imperium psyker that he had found aboard the titan wielding a large grimy book (also from the titan) in one hand and a crude staff fashioned from a stick and a glowing green squig lashed to the end in the other and an ork kommando tried to gain entry.

103.

104. "It sez right here that an ork must never suffer da unorky!" Fizzgutz da Klerik proclaimed opening his book and shoving it in the mekboy's face without even reading it, his similarly robed weirdgrot attendants exchanging nervous glances at being surrounded by so many orks.

105.

106. "I'z don't care what dat book says, da Big Mek sez no visitors, an dat means no visitors, not even Gork 'imself!" The mekboy shouted back standing his ground.

107.

108. "We'z ain't visitors, ya git! We'z knights, chosen personally by Gork to keep Scraplootas orky! An' I know wut I saw! It wuz wanna dem tau boys!" Derknitt, Fizzgutz's kommando devotee explained, trying to get past the mekboy again.

109.

110. Tinka then waded into the fray, seeing his prized grot in danger "Oiy! What you'z doin sneakin around my shop anyways, you git! I'll krump ya good fer dat one! 'Sides, dat's no tau, dat's a grot! An' dat grot is plenty orky"

111.

112. "It's a tau you git! Whoever heard of a blue grot?!" Fizzgutz declared

113.

114. "Whoever heard of an ork becoming a weirdboy!" Tinka countered

115.

116. Before the situation could escalate, Urtylug shouted at the top of his lungs "Enough! I'z da boss, so I'z says what's orky an' what's not! Now show me dis grot o' yers already."

117.

118. Reluctantly, Tinka opened the door to his private chambers and out tumbled a little tau girl, falling flat on her arse, having been previously leaning against the door and listening to the argument outside. Her eyes widened in terror as she shuffled her cloven feet in order to scoot backwards back into Tinka's room and looking for a place to hide.

119.

120. "See! I told ya! Dats a tau! I krumped enough of em today to know!" Derknitt accused, satisfied.

121.

122. "Nonsense! It was a grot ya git! It's just a funny lookin grot! It's not like da Scraplootas don't put up with funny lookin nonsense all da zoggin time!" Tinka opposed while motioning at the glowing squig, suddenly a lot less sure of himself.

123.

124. "A blue grot ain't much orkier ya git!"

125.

126. "Sure it is ya git! It's a lucky grot, just you see it in action! I'll krump ya if ya lay a hand on it!"

127.

128. "Krumpin da Prophet of Gork 'imself?! Da Codorks Gorkstartes does not support dis action!"

129.

130. "Zog you, zog Gork, an' zog dat zoggin book, too!"

131.

132. "Shaddap all o you'z!" Urtylug interjected once again. He wondered briefly if other bosses had to put up with this kind of mess or if it was a situation unique to the Scraplootas. "I'z already said I'z da boss so I'z get ta decide what's orky! Now I want a closer look at dis grot!"

133.

134. Tinka and Urtylug proceeded into his chamber, where the tau girl was busying herself rummaging in some boxes, frantically muttering to herself. She turned around with a start and froze with fear, exposed to all.

135.

136. "Tinka...dat's a tau. Dere's no doubt about it." Urtylug sighed.

137.

138. "No...No...It'z a grot, see? It fixed me eye, it made warbikes faster than zog all..." Tinka tried to defend 'imself.

139.

140. "No one's blaming you, you'z sed it yourself dat your eye was bad." Urtylug tried to placate his old friend. He didn't want to have to krump his first mate over a tau

141.

142. "Dat doesn't matter, zog it! It's a grot! It's my lucky grot an' works ten times 'arder den any of dese gits! I ain't gonna give it up just cause it's a tau!" Tinka swelled up with anger, looking ready to fight.

143.

144. A curious sound coming from where the tau girl was sitting stopped both of them in their tracks. It was the rumbling growl of a revved chainsword mingled with the faint hum and crackle of electricity. There, at the Big Meks feet, was an orange chainkutlass that coursed with life. He switched it off and inspected it. The teeth of the sword were made of some sort of transparent metal, tinted the same color as the rest of the blade. Attached to the base of the blade was some sort of generator that had been worked right into the handguard, making it barely noticeable.

145.

146. "Da Zizzomatic..." Tinka uttered in awe

147.

148. "I-I finished it for you, s-sir" the little tau managed to whisper.

149.

150. Tinka turned on the chainkutlass and barged his way past the gathering of orks, all eyes now on him, and stabbed a nearby gretchin that was unfortunate enough to be within stabbing distance. The blade dug hungrily into the grot as it spasmed painfully from electrical shock until finally its head exploded. Tinka laughed with gleeful abandon that Urtylug hadn't heard since Tinka found the Dark Eldar who took his leg and beat him to death with his own freshly torn off leg.

151.

152. "Dere!" Tinka shouted triumphantly "Dat should settle it! Only somefing ded orky could build something like Zizzbitz's Patented Zizzomatic Chainkutlass! Dat blue grot is de dorky, even if it is a tau!" Urtylug couldn't help but agree with his logic. He was about to voice his decision when Derknitt, sensing he was losing favor with the crowd shout "We should let Gork decide!", much to the approval of nearby orks.

153.

154. "Wuzzat? Oh! Yes! We must let Gork choose its fate, as per the ritual described in da Gorkamorkacon" Fizzgutz concurred, shaking himself out of his awe inspired trance and pointing to his book without once looking down at it. Fizzgutz had never been the same ever since that titan turned him into a weirdboy for sleeping in it too often. Now he preached nonstop about how he was the "Leff Hand o' Gork" and constantly kept a herd of grots around him for whatever reason. Still, he was the closest thing to a runt herder Urtylug had and he was a zogging good weirdboy, so he usually let these things slide. Urtylug made a mental note to keep an eye on those two and to make sure Fizzgutz included Urtylug in his next sermon. Gork's will was just as important to him as it was any other ork, but he had to make sure that his boys were loyal to him above all else. He also made another mental note to remember the first one. He then made yet another mental note to brush up on his reading so he'd know what all these mental notes said. He left a note to remember that note, too. Tinka's blue grot had been pushed to the center of a large circle of orks, Fizzgutz standing on the opposing side. And with that, the blue grot's trial began.

155.

156. "We gatha here today to judge dis foul creatcha, using the purest of Gork's cree-ayshuns, dat which keeps da mighty Boris proppa orky!" Fizzgutz shouted with much ado, making a scene and gesturing to the docile glowing squig atop his staff. He pointed it at the tau and hollered "FEEL GORKS GAZE UPON YOU!"

157.

158. For a while nothing happened as the tau stood there, as confused as she was afraid and the glowing squig that had been shoved in her face, now upside down, stared off in the distance, unfazed by the ceremony. Finally, it seemed to take notice of the tau girl only inches away from it, snorted once, and then drew a long green tongue across the tau's face in a single lick. Fizzgutz dropped to his knees in shock, dropping his staff. Urtylug tensed. While he had no problem striking down those who dared defy his will, he still felt nervous about killing the chosen prophet of Gork.

159.

160. "GORK HAS SPOKEN" the Klerik finally proclaimed "DIS BLUE GROT IS RIGHT PROPPA ORKY!"

161.

162. With that, a cheer rose up amongst the orks and Tinka rushed over to secure his prize, grabbing up the tau girl and looking about suspiciously, making sure no one else tried to have a go at her. Derknitt tried protest the results with Fizzgutz, only to be snubbed

163.

164. "Gork works in mysterious ways. After all, he is da God of Brutal Kunning" Fizzgutz explained to the kommando and continued with pageantry "Clearly, he is tellin us dat we Scraplootas are his chosen

tribe, destined to make da whole galaxy right proppa orky!" In response, Derknitt grumbled something about how "they always listen to the ones with the cloaks" and stomped off.

165.
166. With that out of the way, Urtylug took a sip of tea and once more relished the feeling of his new cloak about his shoulders. Yes, today was a good day to be a Scraploota.

167.
168. -----

169.
170. Blue sped through Boris' hallways as fast as her hooved feet would take her, diving and crawling through vertical shafts as often as she was running. It had been a few months since she joined up with the Scraplootas, though the exact length of time would've been hard for her to guess at. You lose track of silly things like time when you're an ork. All that matters is krumping gits and looting and she loved every second of it. Back when she was still a tau, she was told that she deserved to be hit and called names and that she should just sit and take it. But now that she was an ork, she was allowed to call gits names back and hit as many lousy grots as possible. She had just finished sneaking past the boss and sneaking into his bosstower on top of Boris in order to talk to the giant ork himself and now she had something important to do. She leapt from an access corridor into one of the many marketplaces in Boris' legs, nicking some fungus beer from an inattentive grot as she did and downing it in one gulp. She spilled out of the exit located in the feet and ducked between Rakkatrakks warbike races, making a note to come back and help them repair their warbikes and move the bodies once she finished her current chore. Finally, she reached her destination: Tinka's Mek Shop set up in the corner of Boris' Room. Once inside, she grabbed a few buckets of paint as she headed towards a room in the back labeled "Blue's Korner", minding to watch for all the tau gubbins the mekboys had dumped outside her door, seeing as she was the only one who seemed to be able to get them to work. She ducked inside and saw what she was looking for: a squig wearing goggles and sleeping in a bed next to a heavily modified gun drone. Above the squig's head was a small sign with the words "Shas'O Squig" written on it. Blue knelt down and scratched the squig at the little nubs where his jaw ended, waking him up and causing him to roll over in delight

171.
172. "Hey, Shas'O" the little tau said, taking off her spiked helmet "First off, I just wanna thank ya for being there for me, ya lousy git."

173.
174. The squig rolled over onto it's feet and gave her face a lick, leaping into her arms

175.
176. "And next, I wanna say how I is sorry" The squig looked at her, puzzled

177.
178. "You's an ork, and I's been calling you Shas'O all this time. Back when I was a tau, that was tha name we gave our big heroes, kinda like how they call the Boss Titanloota" She explained. "And you was there for me back when I was a scared little git, so you was kinda like a hero to me..."

179.
180. "Y'see, I's been talkin to Boris today, askin him about what he was before was a titan, and you know he told me? He told me ta quit muckin about, 'cause he's always been a titan, he just didn't always know it." She opened up a bucket of paint and began to paint over the word "Shas'O" as continued. "And then it occurred to me. I's always been an ork, I just never realized it. Looting, screaming, making more dakka, and krumping gits, it's what I'm good and it's I's love to do! So I'm gonna do what Boris said and quit all this Tau mockery right here. 'Cause I ain't a tau. I's an ork." She finished her painting.

181.
182. "Whatta ya say to that, Mr. Squig?"

183.
184. A rather peculiar ork, but an ork nonetheless, colored a shade of blue ran out of the Mek Shop, a squig riding an old tau gun drone in tow, her laughter echoing off the walls of the ship